Hot. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord; neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridegroome; and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe hee held
A pouncet box, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhand-ſome coarſe,
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,
With many holy day and Lady tearmes.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popinjay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or hee ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweete,
And talke ſo like a waiting-Gentle-woman,
Of Guns & Drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke;
And telling me the ſoueraign'ſt thing on earth,
Was Parmacity for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
This villanous Saltpeter ſhould be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſſe Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile Guns,
He would haue beene himſelfe a Souldier.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſayd)

And I beſeech you, let not this rep
Come currant for an accuſation
Betwixt my loue, and your high
Blunt. The circumſtance conſider
What er'e *Harry Percy* then had
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a plac
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt ret
May reaſonably die, and neuer riſe,
To doe him wrong, or any way im
What then he ſayd, ſo he vnſay it
King. Why, yet hee doth deny
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall
His brother in law, the fooliſh *M*
Who in my ſoule hath wilfully be
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead
Againſt the great Magician, damne
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the
Hath lately married: ſhall our coff
Be emptied to redeeme a traytor
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent
When they haue loſt and forfeited
No, on the barren Mountaine let h
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for o
To ranſome home reuolted *Mor*
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraign
But by the chance of warre: to p
Needes no more but one tongue fo
Thoſe mouthed wounds which v
When on the gentle *Seuernes* flee
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand
He did confound the beſt part of
In changing hardiment with grea
Three times they breath'd, and th
Vpon agreement of ſwift *Seuerne*
Who then affrighted with their

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7)